



LOVE ME IN AN
UGLY
FAILURE



WHAT MAKES HIPPIES HAPPEN ON THE PSYCHEDELIC BUS?



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Beautiful Street competition,
 there is still time to send profile
 and full face photos of a
 handsome art and win £25

Memorable entries
 please: See your local 1 page of
 male portraits. 1 male face
 2 sets of breasts (over arms)
 Female portrait below and 1
 gipping phone calls.
 The winning breast will be spread
 over a double page in G2 4

Best way to fight the female
 figure backlash is to support
 it's defence against. Challenge to
 Freedom of Speech. Banned
 100 Southampton Row, WC1
 Similar support should be
 offered to Color and Bayers
 Ltd. publishers of Color Color
 Brooklyn—despite a persistent
 misstatement of its publishing
 methods on page 11. (earned by
 a well known Color author)

The G2 takes away at
 publications is an irresponsible
 of just longer. It includes these
 Instant Protest: post cards to
 send to your favourite
 supporters. Post early for
 Christmas. (We'll publish any
 replies)

We can't send to you our
 your very own, using fully
 (anonymous, superfluous, hard
 embarrassing) for
 the young service on his way
 down the steps the female the
 lower. Hence Upstairs and
 Thence p.00 to p.00.
 Out to discontinue English
 get. Germany has not yet had a

report of her relationship with
 challenger Rod C. S. Lake. Like a
 cat and a tiger in the Do of
 with the American it appears
 next issue

letters

Dear Sir,
 Your correspondent on
 Swinging London... is not just
 in a bit of a hurry. He
 represents what one might call
 the third reaction to the
 phenomenon: one which could
 be described as coming from the
 main room, except that possibly
 being contributed to your
 magazine, he is not himself
 a member.

Sure. Time-Life did a massive
 invasion to the U.S. some years
 they called that phase
 Swinging London... is based
 on the only image which
 simply didn't fit. It is the scene is
 nothing but Sissy's, a stroke
 and The Incredible Love
 Generation, then you're right.
 London is about as exciting as
 the Economic Gang Contest
 Make to the point: if this work in
 fact has been you could get the
 same sort of excitement in Paris
 Brussels. Amsterdam.

Capricious. Brilliant and I
 suppose even Sissy's. Well
 The fact that remains is that
 Paris, Brussels, etc. are not the
 same, and that is not just because
 they were built in a different sort
 of atmosphere. The atmosphere in
 London at this time is different,
 the cultural environment, here
 is unique. And only can you get
 got it (see you have
 been able to go to these two cities)
 And also

(1) David Bailey in his 20s
 is seeing more than Cecil Beaton
 ever did in a photographer
 (2) Peter Watkins in his 20s
 is making better films than
 Cecil B. de Mille ever made. And
 these films are being shown to
 the public at a modest price.
 (3) Mary Quant takes an
 embryonic example and has
 hundred other original dress
 designers and fashion houses and
 clothes retailers are making
 more money each than
 Balmain ever did in the rag
 trade. And they are selling
 expensive clothes to everyone
 who can wear them for pocket
 money prices. Which is more
 than you could ever say for
 Balmain. Or Chanel etc.
 (4) Celine Dion in his 20s
 devote television scenes to
 multi-million pound spending
 advertising. And wants one of the
 top ten television commercial
 production companies in
 London. Roger Reaves age 50
 before anybody knew who
 he was, and David Ogilvy a
 advertising ideas were
 introduced before the war.

(5) Ken Lusk in his 20s,
 directed these television plays
 which made more impact on this
 country in any sense than the
 last total of every movie made

before 1955.
 (7) Michael Peacock, in his 30s,
 responsible for the entire
 programme output of BBC1. Say
 what you will about BBC1 (and
 I realise that you already have)
 Peacock has done more good
 for the Corp in three or four
 years than John Birt did in
 twenty.
 (8) Ronan O'Rielly in his 20s
 has changed the face of British
 broadcasting for ever and runs a
 million-pound business
 into the bargain

(9) Doctors
 The fact that people like yourself
 have managed to get London Doc
 out to measure Arrow Doc under
 any, goes to demonstrate that
 for the first time anywhere young
 people in the prime of their
 talents have had a proper chance
 to make their impressions on
 editors, journalists and commentators
 while they're still young and
 before they are labelled into
 conformity by their elders.
 Sissy's, etc, and all the rest are just
 by-products of this environment,
 and don't matter two hoots.
 What does matter is that
 business ideas and business
 services and products are being
 provided more and more by
 young people and less and less
 by old people. The young are
 getting richer and the old are
 getting older. That is as it should
 be, and unless you recognise it
 your magazine is going to have
 problems. Because you're not
 on the side of the winners or
 you're dead

Sincerely,
 Rod Allen
 Telephone: 0421
 21 George Street
 London W1

Dear Sir,
 I would enter your Beautiful
 Breasts Competition except
 that the current heat for an
 outbreak, left itself at
 bulging for sudden making
 girls like me with breasts
 exposed breasts surrounded
 with hair, not little hair
 undesirable. Two hairy men
 (and women) that is double
 painful with a drooping, pale
 magnificent day is desirable.

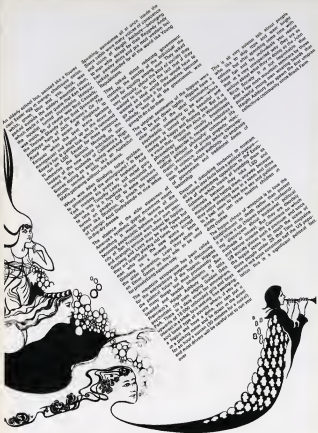
A few years of being brutally
 dropped down in the sort of
 competition German descent
 runs both the natural beauty
 and beauty of the female and
 demands the right method to
 stimulate 1,000 men level of
 delivery combined with
 melanoid throw my with
 beauty in the hand, emotional
 phases—probably because
 nobody wants to play with
 their own ugly, unattractive
 protuberances. I bet you find
 your competition writer more
 a bit of a troublemaker than
 people around are frightened
 by their sexual reaction to
 merely suggest an idea—having
 female. If she is one of those
 genetically perfect types I
 don't lose such in the history



SEMI FINALISTS







There's a story that when these members of The Diggers, a radical organization even to the Haight-Ashbury residents, whom critics say are living off the land, first started, they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live.

The diggers had nearly begun, however, before they learned of the plan to build a new and better life for the people. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live.

At the time when the interest in the diggers was at its height, many people were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live.

These UFO stories tend to be difficult to take with a grain of salt. They are often based on the testimony of a single person, and they are often based on the testimony of a single person. They are often based on the testimony of a single person, and they are often based on the testimony of a single person.

Games people play **Murray Friedman**

Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play. Games people play.

The love that was once a love, now is a love. The love that was once a love, now is a love. The love that was once a love, now is a love. The love that was once a love, now is a love. The love that was once a love, now is a love.

Crashing North over the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco to Marin County to see

down the state's highways. High to LPO weather and looking for the dogs to show their minds.

At least the diggers have the advantage of being able to live off the land. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live.

When the Wall's people, Oakland's people, and the people of the state, they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live.

At 25, Mrs. Kennedy is a little less than

The games that diggers are very important to them. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live. They found one in the hills, and they were looking for a place to live.

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It takes to look at the new of the state, it takes to look at the new of the state. It takes to look at the new of the state, it takes to look at the new of the state. It takes to look at the new of the state, it takes to look at the new of the state.



rank party to his past acts and the charges on the charge the left show themselves reluctant to go along with such charges. This opposition is also seen in the fact that the party is called "left" by the party. The party is also seen in the fact that the party is called "left" by the party. The party is also seen in the fact that the party is called "left" by the party.

anybody else's job. A Senator is that who was known on the House of Representatives by reading them in the House. The House is one of the most important bodies in the government. The House is one of the most important bodies in the government.

The Senate is a body of 100 members. The Senate is a body of 100 members. The Senate is a body of 100 members. The Senate is a body of 100 members. The Senate is a body of 100 members.

The House is a body of 435 members. The House is a body of 435 members. The House is a body of 435 members. The House is a body of 435 members. The House is a body of 435 members.

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The Audit Team—From Washington

San Francisco is now a well-adjusted but uneasy figure—and you can be sure with dozens of many Americans having moved their homes to the city to see back home in which a beautiful which are the Treasury and the company because the Treasury did for such money when Johnny happened to do for him and probably more.

He did it through a unique and then-kind American institution called the Audit Team. A lot of things happened in the Audit Team. A lot of things happened in the Audit Team. A lot of things happened in the Audit Team.

The Audit Team began early enough in the early 1960s. Early money gave a heart to many people. The Audit Team began early enough in the early 1960s. Early money gave a heart to many people.

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Last exit to Brewer St.

Assent letter to *The Guardian* from publisher John Calder put some and sad smiles on veteran faces of London's literary scene. Calder proposed setting up an English literary prize whose value and kudos would make it an English equivalent of the Prix Goncourt, and asked all those interested to write in and offer help.

Such a prize would obviously benefit the book trade, though it would probably do little for the author's profession. It would almost inevitably heap additional emoluments on an already widely acknowledged author and become something of an Oscar. The intrigues over French literary prizes are scarcely the pleasantest feature of the French literary life.

But the pros and cons of the idea aren't our main concern, which is the equally significant question of whether Calder himself takes his own idea seriously.

One remembers Calder's previous project for a West End arts centre, complete with art-gallery, coffee-bar, social centre for creative people, and so on. Then there was the failed business of bringing a made-in-an Edinburgh literary conference, which brought Calder plenty of free publicity as troublemaker and challenger of taboos.

The Peter Black of the publishing world.

There was the mock trial of 'Sir Cyril Black' at a Better Books literary soiree with the *Last Days of Brooklyn* case law on the cards. Lastly, it was a satirical manifesto on behalf of freedom, although its underlying purpose was, obviously, to question the book's sudden popularity. It was one of Calder's less successful gimmicks, about 15 spectators turned up, four of Calder's employees and four Better Books staff, leaving about seven paying customers, but no press. Calder then broke the show off halfway through, hitting that bell

time was far too valuable to give a mere 7 people their money's worth. Actually, their response was one of relief, since they didn't see what was so witty about alternating the reading of choice passages from the book under discussion with John Calder, pretending to be bewildered. Sir Cyril's crumbling under the trenchant questioning of the enlightened. Things didn't quite turn out like that, did they?

They might even have done so if Calder had spent more time preparing his case and less on a footling sales gimmick. Publicity-hunting is part of a publisher's job, and Calder's tactic here can't be held against him. But he might be better advised to take more paid publicity rather than concoct plausible schemes which involve well-intentioned people.

What's more serious is that Calder's 'image-making' is successful enough to attract manuscripts from young, and locally promising authors, whose work deserves and needs efficient promotion.

My concern is that Calder's success do a great deal for Calder and very little for just those authors of his, who lacking reputations, need help.

This remark may surprise in view of the fact that Calder's lists contain many event-garde works. His primary lists are: (1) the French *nouveau-roman* (Robbe-Grillet, Duras, etc), (2) drug and beatnik literature (Burroughs, Truett), and (3) obscure European classics. However, entering the list may seem at first one case, realises that Calder has simply taken over talked-about books from foreign catalogues: that is to say, already proven successes. Importation has its risks, but so far as the adoption of young experimental unknown authors is involved, Hutchinson, Methuen or Anthony Blond have equally impressive lists. What facilitates Calder's image-

making is the limited range he adopts because his firm is, in the best and the worst sense of the word, an amateur outfit. It's amateur in the best sense, in that he doesn't need to make money, only to cover his costs (for he is amply equipped with income connected with the family estate in Scotland). He can afford to indulge his own taste and only his own taste. He doesn't need steady sellers or best sellers. He can flourish on what other publishers find a loss. But the Calder outfit is also amateur in the worst sense. Thus Calder's co-director, Mervyn Boyers, advanced the (surprisingly) low sales of *Last Days of Brooklyn* as evidence that its exploitation avoided sales-tax appeal, no doubt—but an examination of its poor sales performance is required.

And they're to hand. Calder and Boyers, advertising is exceptionally restricted, few of their books are given any paid advertising at all. Their relationship is often peculiar (one major Hemingway bookshop was to follow any Calder recommendation on the premises). Distribution arrangements are singularly casual (one large bookshop's mile from Calder's offices had to wait 3 letters and make 10 phone-calls over 9 weeks before Calder's met an agent order for a just-published book).

Production arrangements are even dicer. Some sort of nadir was attained when Raymond Queneau's *Travaux de la Caverne*, a topical book, was announced every year for three years-running, and finally appeared with such incredible production howlers as a two-page photo appearing on page 199 and 199 and type which changed size in the middle of a line. Eighty-eight photographs looked as if blocks had been cut out of soggy blotting paper, and the book was grossly overpriced (at £1) when 10/- would have been appropriate). Marguerite Yourcenar was so vexed by a similar production



delays that she decided to take her work elsewhere. And the literary editor of one national magazine recently suggested a feature on *Books That Have Been Sitting Under Calder's Arm for Ten Years Without Getting Published*. Calder and Boyers are probably the only publishing firm which omits such standard procedures as sending authors a biographical questionnaire or submitting blurbs for discussion. (The blurb for *Brooklyn* consists as body of such flimsy banalities as 'it is, as its title suggests, concerned with espionage'.) Calder's lack of interest in his authors is summed up by his remark to an author requesting a payment which was already a month overdue: 'I'm much too busy to bother about that this week. I'll sign a cheque for you when I have time.' At this point, client/non-payment very rare contempt for his authors.

All these samples of inefficiency and incompetence have a common source. Calder's interest is not in sales, but in being a publisher, not in his authors but in his own image. What this means to his authors is obvious. It means less promotion, fewer copies sold, a smaller impact and re-read, then if the book had been sent to a less pretentious firm. And authors who are more concerned with advancing their own fortunes than with glorifying Calder's narcissism would be well advised to hitch their wagons to a better organised publisher.

WHY POLITICS IS GIVING EVERYONE THE...





An address to politicians

Complacency, guile and dead imagination: these are the ingredients of politics. Ideas of ill-conceived justice, ready-made for power, and those who take in the world's oldest profession. Politicians have paid over and over again in blood and suffering for its politicians.

J. H. P. (Pam)

Politicians and Corruption/The Spectator
12.3.87

"120 of the 183 (L. S. G.) demonstrators
got shot and they belonged to no political
party."

Joseph/ Sunday Times
18 March 87

"At a time when the Government seem to
be enforcing middle-aged respectability
on the motor cycle, where does the motor
find expression?"

David Pountney

Rockin' Ambition is to Fly a Spitfire/The
Times 12.3.87

"The new movement is clearly as clearly
confronting an alternative society. It is
once national after racial repression."

John Aldrich

Notes of International Times

In a general way, it would seem, direct—
if not revolutionary—action is approved
of since thinking must not become
"abstracted." The purpose of process is to
put a space in the wheel of (human) life
projected and to evolve from creative
beings to beings dangerous to the
state.

Colin McInnes

New Society

"Despite a disturbing tendency to question
its history, the fact is that a political
position—one of unrelenting opposition to
the Establishment which insists on
its ending their criminals because they take
LSD and marijuana, and having them
anyway because they enjoy sleeping with
a witch and there is a God, used to find
the state and political system, and even
has the children in their clothes."

Walter Dillards

Hopps/Parsons March 1987

First to you who are currently successful—you who made it mouthing phony, ill-written, unutterably boring, lying, arse-licking speeches. Lend an unctuous ear—it may prove expedient.

And you out of office need not look so pious. Sincerity, sensitivity or honesty did not cost you election. Had you possessed any of these qualities you would never have stood. Only the scum of a society could bother to fashion a career so ruthlessly opportunistic, so intellectually parasitic, so spiritually unrewarding.

Placidus. This indignation doesn't bruise your egotism, this rage prompts no self-assessment, nor costs you votes. Philosophers, poets, authors, dramatists, artists and tele-pundits have intemperately exposed the vileness of your methods, the sordidness of your ambitions. The masses, whom you despise, hold your profession beneath contempt.

And still you survive.

You think that Parliament is the greatest institution in the world. Parliament! Parliament! bloated with fat pompous, dying alcoholics who babble on withered, here honourable member, procedural motions, precious amendments, last ditch filibustering, farts who can't free their daughters to abort legally without dragging in the corpse of an anachronistic God, irrelevances of hypothetical foetal discomfort, the population explosion and the burdens of motherhood. Parliament, the gulch perching promise from achievement.

"We're not all fat alcoholics!" We hear you bleat, you academically brilliant whiz kids who stormed provincial rostrums thumping your chests nightmarishly against corruption and ignorance, randy and hell-bent on steam cleaning the House. Where are you now?

You, Ben Whitaker, who once leapt around Hampstead canvassing 'revolutionary' reforms (shouting, Abolish Public Schools! Abolish House of Lords! Protest U.S. Vietnam policy!), now as silent as fear. You, Tony Greenwood, once the dapper hero of Aldermaston, co-founder of the radical 'Voice of the Union', now a gutless sycophant. You,

Stephen Swingle, who once led the rabid ginger group 'Victory for Socialism', now seen on telly exhorting people to drive carefully. And you, Richard Marsh, and you, Andrew Faulds, and you, Raymond Fletcher — and all the others who betrayed ideals at the crack of a Whip. Where are you now? Lost in that gap between action and words. Words, words, the fetid words of politicians, becoming more incomprehensible as we grow younger. Words, words — a vocabulary of bullshit, a syntax of cynicism, a language of grandiose incoherence.

You waffle in abstract generalities about peace, love, freedom, yet you're bewildered by your daughter's hatred. Do you know she's been fucking since she was 16, like everyone else? She doesn't give a stuff about the Magna Carta or your duty to the party machine. Your son is on pot. He can't follow the quibbling legalisms of the '54 Geneva Accords but he

knows that thousands of Vietnamese kids are dying to death and you sit at breakfast dribbling marmalade, droning on about Britain's new role

Oh yes, you smugly remind us, upper class Oxbridge intellectuals ARE busy joining Conservative clubs or publishing seedy left wing journals or praying that the young libs won't buckle to filthy compromises. They accept your frailties as the rules of politics, and channel their rancour into arbitrary dialectics. They are tomorrow's political common men momentarily dazzled by copy-written credos.

And there are the sad cells of anarchists, Marxists, pacifists and humanists who think they understand how power works. Scribbling notes to their M.P.'s, reveling in the impossible prospect of affecting the legislative machinery.

You'll ban the pirate radios—not for the public benefit—but because the wrong people are getting a rake off. You'll pounce on a bawdy book because it offends your wretched concept of what life's all about, then crawl into the lobby bar to swap army jokes.

You humbug: setting up a Monopolies Commission to grovel before Lord Thomson. Socialising economic planning to victimise the workers. Promising disarmament and launching the Polars.

All your life you've known there are too many slums, that families were being chucked into the gutters. You saw the statistics—200,000 homeless families in London alone. You know the British home building rate is an index of despair, a barometer of bumbling. But you have a cosy fireplace. You didn't care—until the public conscience was proked by a sexy Cathy in distress. Then you were there on late night panels preening with mock concern, boasting instead of apologising.

Practically everyone under thirty smokes pot and you disapprove out of prejudice (lamenting the lost Excise). Yet you countenance coffee which screws nervous systems, Coke which dissolves teeth, alcohol which erodes livers, and tobacco which causes cancer.

At your most liberal you will distastefully offer a mildly tolerant homosexual bill burdened with primitive amendments. You limit the age of consent to 21 though we reach puberty 7 years earlier (in case you hadn't noticed).

This maxim guides your exercise of power. Authority should adopt or change a moral position only when self interest makes this necessary. That is, when positive disapproval of authority's existing position outweighs the combined effect of indifference and positive approval. It has nothing to do with ethics, morals or absolutes.

You will jump at anything to further your chances. This Labour Government is built on the wreckage of one politician's sex life—whose only crime (in your eyes) was being caught.

Whenever it becomes known a Minister is screwing his secretary, The Right Honourable opposition telephone their scruples to the news-desks. (Last year the 'Evening Standard' averaged ten calls a day over one top minister's indiscretion.) It matters not that his liaison is harmless and human, only that its disclosure could weaken his perry and so further the chances of the informer's.

That's politics.

Such a filthy game, that it is, after all, best left to politicians.

POP

Have you ever tried to listen to BBC radio? Can anyone be really serious about suggesting it as an alternative to Private Radio? And the third. Put aside those who like classical music. They must be catered for even if it does mean Boulez for breakfast. What about the rest? Early

Assyrian earthworms for lunch, shortened fantasies for dinner and the Gay Sparkling stock exchange as a nightcap.

The light and home. Most people who tune to the radio do so for background. Few have time to listen attentively during the day. In the evening they either want background or watch telly. So what do we get during the day. Soap operas, educational talks and fearsome music. By night quizzes, soap operas and more fearsome music. That music—they must be joking "Music to remember", "Gems from Musical Comedy", "Strings by Starlight", "Family Favourites" etc etc.

This is where that argument about putting musicians out of work breaks down. No one bothered to retire the horse when they found out about steam. The BBC makes people remember all that forgettable music simply because hearing a monopoly they play nothing else. Live. The orchestration often sounds like the harmonic variations of a vibrating jelly. Here is an artificially created class of anachronistic artists producing something people would avoid if they could. Talk about the monarchy. Just suppose that in fifteen years time or whenever it's going

to hit the BBC does set up a pop station. Can you imagine it: the mind breaks down and whimpers. The dead touch of "live" performance again. By those people. Not the good groups themselves. Or suppose they started commercial radio. Who would apply for and get the license. Not the delightful, original, experienced pinster that everyone knows and likes so much. The sumo oil manufacturers, the newspaper combines, the fertilizer cartels would all move in and take over. You wouldn't be able to hear anything for the ads and good taste.

And it's bells to say that pinster insure record sales. Most people only buy records because they've heard them on the air. Los Angeles with 28 FM stations and 28 AM stations, most playing Top 100, 24 hours a day buys more records than London. London's population is three times that of Los Angeles.

DRUGS

Let's end the gratuitous savagery of uncomprehending Magistrates. Penal servitude for smoking pot? Why not, as with alcohol, make it and L.S.D. freely available to a specified age group. The difference between these hallucinogens and hard-core hang-up drugs like cocaine, heroin and morphine needs to be emphasised. Unlike alcohol and tobacco, no evidence has been adduced to demonstrate the malignant effects of L.S.D. and pot. (For every acid-soaked Batmansac, there are hundreds of drunken driving fatalities.) It is sometimes suggested that tolerance towards harmless stimulants lower one's threshold of resistance to the compulsive addictives. There is no evidence for this. Any social pressure to "graduate" would almost disappear if the Law recognised the dichotomy.

What are the benefits of pot and L.S.D.? Timothy Leary's exaggerated, though highly enforcement of acid has been well publicised. An OZ correspondent who lived under a pot cloud for six months regards cannabis as "good, clean smoke", she writes. "At your first puff, muscles relax, tension dissolves and suddenly the world is benign. While your body takes a deep breath, your mind gains another dimension: perception sharpens and you discover a tremendous capacity for concentration and details.

Dear Mr Short,

How dare you take away the private statues without giving us a real substitute. I cannot bear the BBC and will go out of my mind if I have to listen to it.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am _____ years old. Most of my friends listen only to Poppers and hate the BBC.
 All
 Some
 None

Unless you stop harassing the press I will vote against your government.

I'm not old enough to vote, but will bear the grudge until I am.

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.
 (Winston S. Churchill)

Dear Mr St John Stevens,

I demand you convert stringent execution of the present Abortion Law, which you are so determined ought not to be reformed.

Send all abortionists (back street and Harley St.) every woman who has ever had an illegal abortion and the police who tolerate the present system to jail now. Begin with me and my friends.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am _____ years old. All Most of my friends have had at least one illegal abortion.
 All
 Some
 None

Dear Mr Jenkins,

Either produce clear and undisputed evidence that pot and/or L.S.D. are more harmful than alcohol or stop interfering with personal liberty. As it stands now, the drugs law, like Prohibition, is widely abused and is thus a bad one.

Yours Faithfully, _____

I am _____ years old.
 All Most of my friends smoke pot and/or take L.S.D.
 All
 Some
 None

Those that do have been in my opinion harmed
 unfarmed

I will vote against your Government unless you adopt a more enlightened attitude and stop putting me and my friends in fear of god.

after some
time

The Right Hon Edward Short
Parliamentary General
House of Commons
Westminster
London W1

after some
time

The Right Hon Norman St John Stevas
House of Commons
Westminster
London W1

after some
time

The Right Hon Roy Jenkins
Home Office
Whitehall
SW1

Your sense of hearing changes from mono to stereo, you look at mundane objects with child-like freshness, everything smells like frankincense. Everything you eat tastes like a Cordon Bleu speciality and your appetite, which you thought had gone the way of your laughter, becomes a chef's delight.

The months I spent as a depressed pot-head in Tangier were the healthiest of my life. I put on a stone in weight, slept like the heroines of an Ovarione ad and ate like a farm-hand. My consumption of normal cigarettes dropped from forty odd to half a dozen. My cough (notorious on three continents), shakes, frustrations and general neuroses quietened down, I was contented for the first time in years. Most of the other foreigners felt the same way—many did their best creative work in the Lotus-eating atmosphere, claiming that marijuana (obtained with a minimum of worry and expense) heightened their imagination and clarified their senses.

The local Arabs and Berbers seemed to have started smoking as children without being noticeably stunted. The anti-social and erotic effects with which marijuana is popularly (and hopefully) endowed were very rare. The only aggressive Moroccans were backsliders who had been shy tipping the vitriolic indigenous wines. Even with them the routine seemed to be I'll kill (and/or rape) you! — but tomorrow.

ABORTION

Reason is the life of the law, so why not abortion on demand? When custom runs counter to law then the law is a bad one, and bad laws are the worst form of tyranny.

A skilful abortion carries with it less risk than childbirth. It is only dangerous under the sordid back street conditions the present law encourages. A law based on beliefs now accepted by only a small section of the population. Opposition to reform has stemmed mainly from the Royal College of

Gynaecologists and Catholic lobbyists, the former are afraid of losing income, the latter of losing their souls. Theological bickering is irrelevant to a bill which deals, not with the number of angels that could dance on the head of a pin, but with human beings, whose freedom of choice is being denied. Minority groups are entitled to minority views, but not to impose them on the rest of us. Of course if orals were efficiently distributed abortion would become as outdated and unnecessary as Rickets.

VIETNAM

●The Right Honorable Anthony Crossland, Minister of Housing and Local Government

At the Labour Party Conference, 1964

"In the Labour Movement we rose to power because we were on the side of the 'less fortunate' of this country. We must never lose our consciousness of interest and our identity with the 'have-nots' of the world. We have got to convince the masses of Asia that we are on their side in their struggle and that their struggle against exploitation and foreign domination is exactly the same struggle that we have carried on in this country."

We sit still, of course, on the side of the have-nots. Formerly we embraced those who have not wealth; today, less hesitantly, we align with those who have not consistency.

●The Right Honorable Richard Crossman, Leader of the House

House of Commons, 1963

I was delighted to hear Mr. Amos say what we all know is true: that Ho-Chi-Minh leads the real national movement in Indo-China. Do not let us be hypocritical about it. It is time to tell the French and the Americans that they are fighting an unjust war in Indo-China. If the French had done the right thing, Indo-China today would sound a long and loud Amen and Salute to Ho Chi Minh and his noble and just commands by nature but by compulsion. They are driven to be communists in order to get national liberation. If we accept the Chinese Revolution we must accept the Indo-Chinese Revolution, and tell our friends not to waste millions of dollars on poisoning a few square miles around Saigon.

●The Right Honorable Barbara Castle, Minister of Transport

House of Commons, 1963

"The foreign policy of the United States of America is to destroy communism. That is a policy which does two things. First it says that the communist revolution in Asia are all Moscow-inspired, Kremlin-financed, part of a great Russian plot, it fails completely to understand what is happening in Asia, the revolution is taking place over large parts of the world's surface — which, as has happened on this side of the Hinge have shown quite clearly springs from the natural needs and indigenous demands of the peoples themselves.

●The Right Honorable James Lee, Member for The Arts

House of Commons, 1963

"There are talented Americans who are anxious to see Indo-China liberated from what they call old fashioned colonialism. We cannot talk to these American statesmen at the same time we approach Washington with a begging bowl held out, because money talks louder than words. I am grieved and ashamed when I hear that the contributions which our country can make to international efforts is lost because of the clutter of the dollars falling into the begging bowl."

●The Right Honorable Harold Wilson, Prime Minister

Mayday 1964

"We must not join or in any way encourage an anti-communist crusade in Asia under the leadership of the Americans or anyone else. I believe at the moment the danger to



a major anti-communist in Asia is provided by a lunatic fringe in the American Senate. Asia like other parts of the world is in revolution and what we have to learn today in the country is to march on the side of the peoples in that revolution and not on the side of their oppressors.

Well, once he's proven that old and his colleagues soon stopped worrying about Vietnam and learnt to love the dollar.

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in praise of ugliness

Cain MacInnes

Somerset Maugham tells us that his mother and father were known in Paris as Beauty and the Beast. Dr Maugham, senior, whose patients were the Anglo-American colony of the day, was apparently of quite conventional ugliness, whereas photo-graphs confirm that his mother was exquisitely pretty. Why then, young Somerset wondered, had his mother never deserted Dr Maugham, or even taken lovers? After his father's death, he asked her this. She answered: Because in all our married life, he never hurt me.

In the future, there is a gleaming old man with a heavenly pocked and bulbous nose looking down at a boy whose young face promises a rewarding masculine beauty in the future. Far from being repelled by the old monster, this boy is looking up at him with confident affection.

Plato's whole idea stems from about his art as painted, yet always worthy of elite attention, and involved the perpetual philosopher's question as to why his pictures are so ugly. They are not, he replied. All necessary destruction in order to create more light because of a concealed public notion as to what is beautiful. All remains in ugly. The act of both artist and painter beauty in our world does not seem specially beautiful until the child is rescued and laid in its elegant cradle.

Plato's theory is generally believed to be an ideal who portrayed in terms of ugliness, where the horror of our age. But he has more than once accused me that his object is to create our beauty—the beauty that is of our particular times. I assure he is right about that and that his intentions have been largely misread. Good (it was not very pleased) repulsive; when I once compared his art to that of Rembrandt.

The French understood this better than we do. For their term *beau* leads to equivalent more on our language. A *beau* made is an ugly person whose ugliness is so striking to repulsive, and so beautiful that it at once seems beautiful. Robert and Peggy Ashcroft are perfect examples.

We can see this at work in our own day among pop groups. A decade or so ago, the heroes of pop song were conventionally beautiful. Whitefield, Vaughan, or from America Blue or Lane. There is not behind dozens of boys and girls who were objectively ugly seemed dazzlingly beautiful.

From these examples I think we can deduce two principles.

1. In physical beauty there are no absolutes. Beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder, and if the social conventions of the beholder alter, so does his sense of what is beautiful.

2. True beauty in ugliness depends on much on the inner moral quality of the person or on the outward features bestowed on his flesh by nature. Thus Dr Maugham and the better named Florence, though hideous, were seen as beautiful.

The confusion that arose from the fact of these two principles are the easier to explain. As a boy in Paris in my eight years, I was painting by Giorgione to me by Rembrandt. Both will be masterpieces for men of genius and the partly aesthetic beauty of both will be undeniable.

But whereas Giorgione, perhaps because he was a southerner and a Venetian, adheres to portraying human persons in a classic, conventional style of beauty, the figures in almost all of Rembrandt's paintings are objectively considered hideous—including even his splendid self. Yet do they not seem paradoxically to be over-wholly beautiful—even more so, indeed, than those of Giorgione, lovely as these are?

And is that not because Giorgione, trained (or inspired) by the Renaissance in discovery of classic Greece-Rome beauty could not (being) a new Venetian (being) of his own day? Whereas Rembrandt, untrained (or untrained) by any equivalent Dutch tradition, had to start from scratch with an ugly, grubby, hideous Stoffels and make his look absolutely ravishing?

When we come to consider the moral reality underlying beauty and which can create the feeling of it despite exterior ugliness, the definition is more complex. Negatively we can all think of handsome men or gentle women whom we all know to be talents or talents to that their physical beauty, however compelling, seems like some monstrous fraud and once we have got over our bewilderment their splendour falls with fire and thunder. Locally there are ugly people whom we know just are damn ugly, white and not Hamlets. Giving is a good example.

But positively, who can doubt in an objectively ugly man or woman the inner spiritual quality that makes them in fact seem beautiful? The key to the answer may be in the reply of Mrs Maugham to her son and the upward gaze of confidence by the young Florence to his ugly old preceptor, each appreciating of the ugly person who himself an innocent a pure person.

Sometimes the two factors creating beauty in ugliness coincide in a single person. That is to say the person, though ugly, will seem beautiful because his good has grown to see his face as such, and also because his inner spiritual qualities have become so apparent as to transcend completely his physical lack of beauty.

I saw Chrissie at Aldridge the other day and was immediately struck—as I suppose everyone else was—by the way Gaiquid acted everyone right off the screen, even Orion Willis, and the handsome young artist and appeared devastating him. Was this merely due to his greater experience or even talent? Not entirely.

He was could call Dr John a beauty. He is bald, has a big nose, and a somewhat ungainly figure. Yet because his rugged face seems that of a man who has accepted through suffering and understanding that he must live in our times and accept them, and yet always try to transcend them, this battered old man seems beautiful. And because the moment he opens his objectively ugly mouth the words that pour out of such stunning beauty is to make all his callousness seem numbingly unimportant, one is instantly aware of the intellectual and spiritual depths within him.

Some might write Bacon or Picasso, get bogged down in more ugliness when they attempt to transform this into beauty. Such an effort is surely as mad as David Lauder. He makes his artists ugly, which is entirely correct, since almost all of us are yet able to provide the elements by which the ugliness then becomes beautiful. This is because his drawing is flexible and his imaginative faculty mediocre so that his drawings seem merely conventional and rather ugly. Yet even after whose figures are completely hideous, the most beautiful of a sort by his authentic power and magic light.

The perfect image of beauty—from ugliness in our time seems to me to be Scarsie. His subjects are almost always revolting. His paintings, because of his tragic vision and immense personal art, are strikingly beautiful.

To conclude, let us consider the features of James Baldwin. He told me he was known as Frog face in his youth and was much reviled for this. Once a nice teacher (quite liberal and female) took him to the movies—his very first visit and only after the fierce disapproval of his writing partner, daddy had been overcome. They entered in mid-life and the first thing he saw was a close-up of Bette Davis. She is frog-face too, he thought, and yet the world thinks she's beautiful. Then perhaps I am too desperate what the body say.

He is indeed—and I think he is the most beautiful face I have yet seen. And this may be because our times are reflected in his features and the light that shines through them is the same one we may recognize when we read what he has written.

THE DREAMLAND EXPRESS



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MAGNIFICENT FAILURES



Hitler's Art teacher—politics was Hitler's second choice.

Zhivago overcoats.

The Plan to relieve Dien Bien Phu.

Princess Margaret's marriage.

The Great Society.

Bob Dylan—pale imitation of Donovan.

'Wrong Way' Corrigan—who set out to fly to Labrador, arrived in Los Angeles 27 hours later. Thus, either the first man to circumnavigate the globe in a Curtis biplane at Mach 1.5, or else the only aviator ever to be blown backwards across the USA.

The LSE's late porter—attempted to quell a scuffle in a passageway.

Marlowe—after centuries of valiant effort he has still failed to prove that he is Shakespeare.

The American who designed the Confederate 'Chain' Cannon, Two cannons were placed parallel on either side of the main street of a besieged Virginian town facing the enemy. Their cannon balls were linked by a chain, so that when the cannons were fired simultaneously the entire invading army would be mown down. However, once in flight, the device whiplashed and gracefully boomeranged to massacre the defenders.

The Brabazon Flying Boat and the TSR-2—first deliveries were made dead on schedule, to the Imperial War Museum.

Bert Russell and J-P. Sartre's War Crimes Trial of LBJ.

The Yoko Ono Film Protest Rally—4 of a promised 500 eventuated to picket the British Censorship Board Offices.

Walter Craig, President of the American Bar Association—appointed by the Warren Commission to 'defend' Oswald. Craig attended 2 of the 51 sessions and only spoke once, but not on behalf of Oswald.

Jean Rook, Fashion Editor of the Sun, who for more than two years has been predicting the imminent demise of the mini-skirt.

The hippie London Underground Movement—failed to stay underground.



The first two issues of OZ.

Leslie Parkes—soldier.

Any British boxer.

Fonthill Abbey—cost Beckford a million pounds and fell down.

The *International Times* bid for *The Spectator*

The Monkees—unable to suppress the information that they didn't play their own instruments on their hit records, now face the leak that they didn't sing either.

The Irish Famine 1846-1849—a heaven sent chance of solving once and for all England's Irish Problem. It is one of the great historical failures of the 19thC that only 1½ million died and that a million were allowed to escape to America.



Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George etc.—foolishly ignored the territorial claims advanced at the Versailles Peace Treaty Conference by a young Indo-Chinese named . . . Ho Chi Minh.

The French Army at Agincourt—at a cost of 36 head, English Archers slaughtered 12,000 French knights in armour.

Captain Cook—who discovered Australia, but lacked the foresight to forget about it, as William Dampier had done before him.

The Beach Battle Cabinet, The Royal Navy, 300 Royal Marine Commandos, The Army, 4 R.A.F. rescue launches, a 'Flying Squad' of 100 men and 50 pumps, the Coastguard, ten Fire Brigades in the West Country, the fishing fleets of Cornwall, 24 1,000 lb. bombs, and 250,000 tons of detergent.

Sir Walter Raleigh—spent most of life in the Tower writing unrecognized sonnets until beheaded by James I.

Erasmus—tried to argue there was no real quarrel round the Reformation.

Wat Tyler, Pugachev, Munzer, Jack Cade, James Connolly who turned out not to be Fidel Castros of their times.

Richard Lester—A Funny Thing Didn't Happen On The Way To The Forum.

Winston Churchill—born of syphilitic father, suffered from obesity, his war strategy disastrous, author of the most catastrophic budget of the twentieth century, inadvertent creator of Australian mythology at Gallipoli, only man England could find to meet Hitler on his own terms.

Bonar Law—the Unknown Prime Minister. His one joke, used strenuously throughout his life, was to tap his pipe on the mantelpiece and shout 'come in'.

Harold—failed to repel Norman Invaders: his only claim to fame, the famous arrow-in eye canard, has lately been questioned.

Cyril Connelly—a special prize for failing to make a success out of being a self-confessed failure.

Gordon of Khartoum—practised unnatural vices and died by mistake.

Donald Macrae—such a failure that even his obscurity has remained unnoticed.





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in some groups
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The Scottish Match King

David Davidson is 67 and comes from Aberdeen. He hasn't seen his 9 children for a while nor his wife since the war. "I was in the Navy, had this woman. Thought I was a real big man. All the time she was with Flynn, that."

David tells matches at Waverley station and makes about six or seven balls a night. He sings a lot and laughs a lot and people often stop to talk to him.

Is he happy?

"I don't care a fuck. All my mates are dead. I want the war?"

"The drink. Got one leg in myself. An' the other one's slipping there let me tell you a joke. Three balls one, two, three," he counts with his fingers. "Obuse come to school on Monday. Tuesday, the teacher says, where was ye? He couldna come to school because our father got burned. Was he burnt badly, says the teacher. They don't look about when they come to you, right?" He throws his head back and laughs. "I tellt'ell like and someone passing a little short-faced, looks to put a cigarette on his hand-dashed."

"Yes, it hasn't been a bad night," he says.

A Man of Leisure

Mark Lettice "just like the King of France" is 38.

He couldn't quite remember where he came from but it sounds as though it was somewhere in Ireland.

Mark says he does "look all" but the ladies who run the tea stall at Waverley says he bothers them all night and would we mind taking him away from there.

Mark says he would like a cigarette.

The ladies say don't give him one or he'll bother you too.

Mark laughs, smiles for the camera and puts out his hand.

Is he happy?

"Yes. Not since I was dead."

How long ago was that?

"A long time ago," says Mark and puts out his hand to the cameramen, "he hasn't given me my cigarette yet."

The cameramen gives Mark a two shilling piece and he laughs a lot, then puts it away.

"Would you like a little drink?"

A girl in a brown hat and the tea ladies disappear.

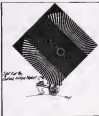
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An ugly side of some beautiful people

"She wasn't in that case bothered by a timeless social conscience? 'No. I don't bother about the millions being killed in Vietnam, do you?' " LADY MARY GAYE CURSON Family motto: Let Curson hold, what Curson hold. NOVA, April

On Valentine Day, George Hamilton sent Lynde Johnson a rose. "You are my Valentine today and every day of the year," said a card accompanying the first rose from the actor. Next day along came 384 more red roses. Lynde Bird described George's gestures as "a weird, gay, romantic thing to do." Hollywood gossip Sheelagh Graham figured the current romantic odds: "I have 10 dollars that says YES she quite obviously adores him. At the other end of the bet is his press agent who is wagering 100 dollars that the marriage will not come off." Shortly after, Hamilton announced that his draft board had reclassified him as 1-A.

"I'll go anywhere," he said, "my country needs me." TIME and NEWSWEEK.

"When Jean (Shrimpton) announced to me she was going to do the film, I felt a sense of loss," Terence Stamp said, "Obviously she had come under the influence of the director Peter Watkins, he was beginning to Swagali her and I regarded that as my own responsibility, a role I've always assumed in my relationships with women." THE PEOPLE, Aug 14, 1968





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THU
FRI
SAT
SUN

WAX

WHAT BEAUTIFUL SHE HAS





Black
crystal
with
gold
embroid
erment

to look like women by the women again. But this
and rooms and angular eyebrows. They were
on the way out. Now, they're showing the way
back to a woman's world. With fabrics
as soft as a sigh or as strong as a moose hide.
In colors that gleam and glow.
What's the woman to wear
then to Revolution?

It's
Smart
to be
square

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE
SEASIDE AGAIN,
FOR THE OIL OF THE FISHING TOW
IS A WHOLE LOT AND A CLEVER COW
THAT HAS NOT BE DEFEATED

HE BELIEVES...
A THING OF BEAUTY
IS THE FOREVER
- IT'S LOVED BY WOMEN
IT WILL PRODUCE IN THEM
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
REMARKS
IN THE HISTORY
OF THE WORLD
AND
THEY WILL
BE THE
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
REMARKS
IN THE HISTORY
OF THE WORLD

WHAT?



ANY MAN
CAN LOOK GOOD
IN A
TURTLENECK

ONE, BONY, BEAUTIFUL...

LIBERTY
IT'S ALL
HUE?



It says
beautiful women
is a profound
expression of life

THEY ARE THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
THINGS
IN THE WORLD
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IN THE WORLD

MORE

BEAUTIFUL

ARE YOU EXCITED?
YES! PINKED DOWN!



Even at a gal who plays with fire.

With a warm smile and a cool hand she smooches a temperature rising. And so these lips and fingertips—essences called Doree...

If he knows it's there, we'll give you your money back

The glamorous creature seen leaving a little later is me!

SAVE

money by using

A DOREE

FOR 1985

THE GARDEN FOR

THE SET OF A LOVE

ROUCH

BUICKER

VERY BRONZE

BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE DEVELOPER

THE GARDEN FOR

THE SET OF A LOVE

ALL THIN

HEART

DOING

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